Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

TRIPOLI, Syria, Aug. 22, 1860.

In my letter dated Beyrout, July 4, I gave an account of the herrible massacre of the Christians at Siden, Hasbeiya, and Deir El Kamar. Since anat time affairs in Syria bave grown much worse, and the wanton destruction of property and life has been fearful to contemplate. The fanatical Moslems, emboldened and incited by the butcheries perpetrated by Druses and Turkish soldiers in Mt. Lebanon, seem determined to exterminate the Christian population of the country. The seaport towns have been protected by foreign ships of war, but in the interior there has been nothing to check Moslem rapacity and hate, and Christian blood has flowed in torrents. All the Christian villages about Da mascus have been plundered and burned, the male inhabitants put to the edge of the sword, the wo men ravished and in many cases dragged off into bepeless and degrading servitude. On Monday July 9, the carnage commenced in Damascus it self. For several days previous, the Moslems had become very insolent and threatening, resolved to bring about a collision with the Christians, and only seemed waiting for some slight pretext in order begin their bloody work. On Sunday, the 8th several Moslem boys busied themselves in making signs of the cross upon the ground in front of the churches, and spitting and stamping upon the sacred emblem, as the Christians were coming out from their worship. For this and other indignities complain: was made to the authorities, and on the next morn ing the boys in question were sent in chains to sweep the streets in the Christian quarter of the eity. It is said that this form of punishment was chosen by the *Mufti* and *Kadi* for the express purpose of still further exasperating the Moslems Sgainst the Christians. At any rate, such was the result. And on Monday p. m., a Mohammedan mob rushed to the Greek Consulate, broke open the nounced, and will poll a considerable vote. doors and, putting the occupants to flight, plundered and fired the house. The neighboring Christian houses shared the same fate, and soon the destruction and slaughter became general. consuls besought Ahmed Pasha, the Turkish General to send relief to the Christians; but though having several hundred soldiers under his command, he refused to do anything until late in the evening when a company of soldiers went to the scene of conflagration, and turning against the Christians, shared in the work of burning and plunder. Mean while, the mob increased. Druses, Koords, and Arabs, awaiting outside the given signal, now rushed in to join the massacre, and share in the booty. For four days the murderous work wen Thousands of Christians were killed. Dwell ings, stores, churches, convents, and consulates-

and sent them in safety to the sea-coast. But, not to dwell on the events of the past month which have been already made public, let us com-Fuad Pasha down to more recent occurrences. the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, having been sent to Syria to investigate the cause of th disturbances, spent but a few days in Beyrout burried off to Damascus. He has succeeded in re-storing something like quiet. That probabl was easy, for the Moslems had already bished their work, and the few thousand Christians who survived have all come Beyrout, where, almost destitute of food and clothing, they are living a miserable life in the gardens and the suburbs of the city. They are entirely dependent upon charity, and are being fed day by day by means of funds now contrib-uted in England, and France, and other parts of

ingeed, the whole Christian quarter, in which were

some of the finest palaces in the empire, was laid

in ruins. The amount of property destroyed i

estimated at £1,500,000. The number of Christians massacred is said to exceed 7,000; among them

were several Europeans, with one of whom, th

was cut down in the street, while flying to a place

in the Moslem quarter, were not burned. The other consuls, as also hundreds of native Christians

took refuge with Abd El Kader, the Algerine chief

Most nobly has this hero acted through the whole terrible scene, and well deserves the "Grand Cordon

of the Legion of Honor," just sent him by the Em-

peror of France. With a small band of Algerines

has rescued thousands of helpless Christians

Rev. Mr. Graham, I was well acquainted.

of salety. His body was never recevered.

houses of the British and Prussian Consuls, be

Christian Europe.
Last Thursday (August 16) the long-expected French troops arrived at Beyrout, and effected a peaceful landing, for the poor Sultan-well-nigh frightened out of his wits at the serious turn affairs bave taken-had sent orders that the French should be received, not as enemies but as friends. They have encamped, 6,000 strong, in the pine grove in the environs of the city, where they will await the arrival of the remainder of the army, some 12,000 or 15,000 troops being daily expected. The presence of these foreign troops has inspired the down-trodder Christians; and Druses, anticipating an attack upon their villages, are preparing to migrate to the large district of the Haouran, lying to the south of Da-For some time past there have been ves sels-of-war from various nations, English, French. Russian, Austrian, Greek, Dutch, Sardinian, &c. lying at the different Syrian ports, but strange to say, during all these three months of anarchy and war, in which the lives of many American citizens missionaries and others have been endangered, and in some instances their property destroyed, not a single American ship-of-war has appeared upon these coasts.

A Moslem outbreak has been daily expected at Homs, but at the last accounts nothing serious had occurred. Many of the Christians had fled, some of whom were robbed of all they possessed. Mr. Wilson, an American missionary residing there, leaving Homs for Tripoli, was seized by the Bedonins, but after a few hours' detention effected his

The Christians of Aleppo have thus far saved their lives by giving heavy bribes to the Arabs, who threaten to sack the city.

An extensive insurrection at Cairo was prevented by the timely discovery of the plot, and the immediate execution of the prominent persons engaged in it. Had Syria such an efficient Government as Egypt enjoys, the bloody massacres on Mount Lebanon and in Damascus might have been pre vented.

Twenty years ago, when Ibrahim Pasha governed Syria, and his vassal, the Emir Bechir, ruled in Mount Lebanon, security to person and property became proverbial. But the English drove out Ibraha, and gave over Syria once more to th tender mercies of the Porte. Ever since that the country has been filled with anarchy and violence. until at last thousands upon thousands of Christian have been butchered, scores and scores of villages laid waste, the fairest portions of the land depopulated, and thus the integrity of the Ottoman em pire has been preserved and the country ruined.

Aug. 24 .- A dispatch from Damascus dated Aug. 20 states that by order of Fuad Pasha, 64 Moslem have been hung in the streets of that city, and 110 Turkish soldiers shot, and upward of 1,000 are still in prison awaiting their fate Five thousand more French troops have arrived at Beyrout. It is said the Moslems have attempted to poison them by putting poison in their milk. Only one soldier, ever, has as yet died from the effects.

A DAY AT PIKE'S PEAK

From Our Own Correspondent

DENVER CHY, August 25, 1860. A motley crowd is this waiting to see the coach depart. Here is a well-formed, elderly man, with a devil-my-care expression, but a face full of character, and phrenologically significant of wonderful perceptive faculties; long, black hair, complexion like a Mexican, and eyes like an Indian. It is James P. Beckwourth, the half-breed, so long a chief among the Crow tribe, and the most famous Indian fighter of this generation. Let me introduce you. Though his body is mottled with scars "In worst extremes and on the perilons edge.

you find him the very pink of courtesy, winning and polished in manners, though extremely communicative about his own exploite. He cordially in-

vites you to visit his "ranche." three miles from town, who ce he will make you acquainted with his minth whe (young, comely, and white), of whom he speak a proudly, though somewhat obscurely, as speal s proudly, thou

That fine-looking, dark man of thirty-a swarths Adonis of the plains—has been a Kansas border ruffian, a Nicaraguan fillibuster, a prisoner among the Mexicans, wearing a chain and working upon roads for more than a year, a surveyor on the Pan-ama Railroad, and a wanderer through the world at large. At one time, as he will freely tell you, be attempted to engage in the ocean slave-trade, but was prevented by circumstances. There is a youth from Providence, R. I., and though his chin is still white with "the down of adolescence," he owns a valuable quartz-mill in the mountains. Two years ago he was working upon an Illinois farm at \$15 per month. He is most sanguine in regard the success of his crusher, and would not dispose of it except at a large advance; while the very man with whom he is conversing, has just sold his in the mountains for half its cost, and is return-ing to the States disheartened and disgusted.

Here is an elderly gentleman, a pioneer in this region. When I first met him, ten years ago, he was a wealthy Pennsylvania banker, in broadcloth and fine linen, and had narrowly escaped being made Governor of that commonwealth only five votes of the Whig nomination, in those goo old days when the Whig nomination was equivalent to an election. When I next saw him, he was arrayed in buckskin and corduroys, in a Pike's Peak cabin, cooking flapjacks for his own breakfast. He is now a candidate for Delegate to Congress, with a fair prospect of election. That tall, thin-faced person, with mutton-chop whiskers, a few feet beyond, is the famous "wheelbarrow man," an eccentric and plucky printer, who came through from Kansas City to Denver (700 miles) two years ago, trundling his complete outfit upon that primi-tive vehicle, and bringing pricisely ten cents in his pocket. He too, is a Candidate for Congress. Jesting? Not J, indeed; he has been formally an-

There is a young merchant from Boston, who left that "hub of the universe" soon after an unpleasantly notorious scandal case in which he was in terested; an ex-merchant from Madison, Wiscon sin, who, when he suspended in that gem city of the West, owed a single hardware house in Buffalo \$40,000; and, brushing past them, a rough miner from California Gulch, just starting for the States, with 106 pounds of gold dust (\$20,352), all taken from his own claim during the Summer by himself, his brother, and several hired hands. One of his neighbors in the mines, who owned the richest claim in that rich gulch, left for the river a few days since with \$50,000, according to current re-ports. His name, Mr. Gradgrind, was Earl, and the one in the crowd before you is a Mr. Thomas. Close around him are half a dozen discouraged immigrants, also starting for home-in the Pike's Peak vernacular, "Pilgrims bound for America." Question them, and they assure you that they have rospected three months without making a that the mines are a humbug, and breathe out threatenings and slaughter against all journalists who have indorsed them. Jostled in among these and many more net-noticeable persons, there stands blanketed, solemn-visaged, mahogany colored old Arapahoe (probably Lo, the poor India alluded to by Mr. Pope), and just on the outskirts of the throng you may notice his squaw, still more dirty and repulsive, with a coal-eyed little pappo peeping over her shoulder, and three or four half-naked young red-skins standing beside, claiming her maternal protection.

The suave Superintendent, Jones, hands up the bill, the passengers endure the ultimate hand shakings and final valedictions, the whip cracks, the coach rolls away, and the crowd disperses.

Let us walk down Blake street, toward Ch reck. A busy scene, you perceive-a mingled maze of men, horses oxen, mules, wagons and car-riages, in the midst of which four auctioneers are hoarsely and bewilderingly crying their wares. Liquor stores and saloons confront you at almost every door. In that grocery window you observe rich yellow pumpkins—a production to which our valleys are peculiarly adapted—a stalk of corn ten though cut long before maturity, and an ample display of new potatoes, beets, turnips, cucumbers, tomatoes, melons (at \$1 25 each), and so on to the end of the succulent list. One of the by standers to whom I introduce you attempts to sell you a horse. Another dexteriously leads the con-versation to town lots, and afterward to mining claims, insinuating several tempting opportunities for investment; there is evidently speculation in those eyes which he doth glare with. We drop into this well-appointed restaurant, and obtain a tolerable dinner for fifty cents. The regular pay \$8 per week. How so much board can be afforded for so little money, in a region where potatees command 15 cents a pound, flour 14, sugar 25, and butter 50, is a profound mystery which we will not seek to penetrate.

ere is Denver Hall, one story, 35 feet by which rents for \$350 per month. Within, you see merely a bar and a few deserted tables, with here and there a gambler vainly seeking to attract the stragglers. But come in this evening, and you will find twenty or thirty of that fraternity busy at midst of a dense crowd of their malign art in the speculators, and hear the confused ringing of dol lars and eagles, the clinking of glasses, the often amusing riginarole of the gamblers, and the muttered curses of the losers, all half drowned by steady strains of music from the band upon a platform in the extreme rear of the long partment One of the gamblers left for the States, a few weeks since, with \$4,500—the proceeds of his three months' labor at "three-card monte." Last ear this edifice had a floor of mother earth, walls logs, and roof and windows of common shee ing ut it was the first class hotel of Denver. Soo after Mr. Greeley's arrival he was called upon to address the accidental audience in its great saloon and it was pecularly refreshing to hear him, while standing up between the bar and the gaming tables (at which operations had been suspended for the urpose of listening), make an earnest anti-gambling anti-drinking speech. The habitues took very kindly, and the outsiders were vastly amused

That tall, expatriated European in black, smok ng a meerschaum, and looking on so oracularly, ' Count" Murat, who claims to be a relative of the King of Italy. He formerly resided in a city on the Upper Mississippi, which he left to the great bereavement of his creditors. He is now a speci lator; last year he was a barber, and his wife laundress. I shall never forget a June morning upon which he entered the room of the editor of THE TRIBUNE, in this very building, with a basket

upon his arm.
COUNT.—I have brought your washing home

Mr. Greeley—ten pieces.

EDITOR (looking up abstractedly from a half-written letter).—Yes? How much will it be, Mr. Murat?

COUNT .- Two dollars and a half, Sir. EDITOR (with slightly-elevated eyebrows).—And you shaved me yesterday beside. How much will

COUNT .- One dollar, Sir. EDITOR (with peculiar deliberation and solemity).—Is that all I owe you, Mr. Murat! COUNT (cheerfully) .- Yes, Sir.

With an air of unexpected relief the bill was paid with an air of unexpected rener the bill was paid, and the Count departed gaily, while the Editor indulged in a dry remark, to the effect that he would hardly be compelled to leave this country surreptionsly, from inability to pay his creditors! I have had a deep conviction, ever since, that the Count designed to graduate his prices by the purse of his debtor; and always made it a point, on principle, to charge for his professional services, the full supposed amount of his victims "pile." You can readily con prehend, upon that theory, how he has been enabled to burst from his tensorial chrysalis, into the earden delights of real estate speculation.

Once more in the street, you notice that knot o idlers in front of the saloon, drawn thither by drunken brawl. One of the belligerents produces i weapon. How suddenly half the lookers-on disap pear around the corner, while the remaining half nstantly and instinctively draw their revolvers. The disturbance is quelled without bloodshed; bu your readiness to move on is quite pardonable No doubt you begin to appreciate the emotions o that historic sailor, who in a letter home, so epegra matically wrote of society in Patagonia, here have no manners, and their customs

disgusting. Suddenly the genial air grows chill; the street is dark with a cloud of suffocating dust, and you shiver in the icy wind. A few drops of rain fall, and in half an hour the miniature tornado has passed away; but the air continues raw and wintry for the rest of the day. The mercury can rise or fall here further and easier, in the same time, thau in any other portion of the Union. On the Atlantic coast. these sudden and daily changes would cut our lungs to pieces and send us all to the grave in galloping consumption; but in this dry, pure atmosphere,

they cause no permanent inconvenience. The stages have come in from the mountains, crowded with dusty passengers, and bringing the Express messengers with their packages of letters and gold dust for the States. The shadows begin to leigthen, and we stroll homeward. There you see a pale, tottering invalid, still weak from "mountain fever," but spending a happy hour in the blessed sunlight. Here passess a little girl, with a basket of mountain and prairie flowers, arranged in such tasty boquets as only feminine hands can shape. A

tasty boquets as only feminine manus can susper. As quarter will purchase one, and cause her bright eyes to glisten gratefully.

There are many ladies upon the street, often dressed with taste and elegance. The unmarried ones, permit me to assure you, pass rapidly into the state matrimonial, for the demand is large, and the state matrimonial. supply limited. There goes a merry party in a carriage, behind a pair of coal black horses, followed closely by a company of equestrians, while a rapid youth, in jockey cap and skeleton gig, ejaculates, "g'lang," and passes them like the wind. Here stood the little log cabin, which, a year ago was jumped by Mr. Greeley and his and your most obedient, and by them jointly occupied for three weeks. Rents were then at a low figure in Denver, and even when the owner of the habitation returned from the mountains, he merely looked in for a moment by way of curiosity, humbly apologized for his intrusion (politest and most marvelous of land-'jumped" the next vacant cabin which he found, for his own use, until the depar-ture of his non-paying tenants. But I regret to notice that he does not seem to have found this method of doing business lucrative, for he has removed the cabin sixteen miles from town, to a ranche on Clear Creek. The house in front of it, too, has concealed its original honesty of logs, under a hypocritical disguise of clapboards.

Passing on, at this wholesale house you notice the wagous of half a dozen miners, buying supplies for the mountains, while a man on horseback, in inebriate jocularity, rides into the next door saloon, imbibes, flings his glass against the wall or at the head of the barkeeper, pays liberally for the damage, and departs to repeat elsewhere his pleasant eccentricities.

Home again, and tea over, we recline upon the green sward before the door, to enjoy our evening reflections and cigars. Three or four prairie dogs, conciliated by daily tit-bits from the hand of Sam, play unheedingly a few yards away, now standing open their hind legs, erect as grenadiers, to nibble a bit of bread or of grass, and now chasing each other gayly from one of their little mounds to another. This is the heart of one of their towns, built long before the advent of civilized man. They are eminently merry and social creatures, like the squirrel or the rabbit, with no canine characteristic except their bark, which is like the yelp of an extremely infantile puppy. Attempt to catch one of them, and he laughs audaciously, and waits till you think you have him, when he suddenly gives you a parting yelp, and by an agile summersault throws himself into his subterranean domicile. A pair of prairie squirrels look up inquiringly, as they play at our very feet, and a flock of black birds walk about in confident security, with grateful memories of the daily crumbs which fall from our table.

But look up, beyond the city, the tufts of trees and the green prairie. There rise the mountains, after all, the great feature of the Gold Region. Seventy miles to the south, Pike's Peak, like an old castle, "majestic, though in ruin," lies dim and dreamily against the sky. Forty miles to the north stands Long's Peak, distinct, rugged, and corrugated, its feet wreathed in pine, and its head crested with snow. A dark, irregular, variegated wall, at the verge of the sensible horizon, sweeps grandly between them, and beyond, on either end, merges into the uncertain, debatable ground, between earth and sky.

It reveals every hue; from the dark, rich purple of the nearest hills, to the unsullied white the Snowy Range; every form, from the long, flat summit of Table Mountain, to that perfect cone, waiting to impale the dying sun. Gaze on it daily for months, and you shall never look twice upon the same picture, but find it an endless variety perpetual intoxication of delight.

Here, at the very door of our rude cabin, has Nature painted for us such a panoramass never feasted the eye of monarch in his palace. Last night that furthest mountain was arrayed in a fiery, dazzling glory, "too terrible to look upon." Now, it is robed in a pale, unearthly light, and you feel that it belongs to another world. View it again. Does it leave the impression that you could ever reach it by mortal means, or even clothed in mortal body? No; you can only think of the Celestrial City, as it burst upon the vision of the pilgrim Christian; or those Sabbath evening pictures of heaven opening to earth, which you receive in childhood on your moth-

The sun goes down, but the cold air assails you in vain; for still you lie upon the sward in silence, that "perfectest herald of joy," until the last fold of night's curtain has fallen and shut out the picture. Quiet and subdued we enter the house; the doors are shut, the candles are lighted. An hour in conversation, another at a rubber of whist or some kindred department of productive industry, and then, in that sweet sleep which comes to the pillow then, in that sweet sleep of weariness, you forget the strange, incongruous images of A Day at Pike's Peake. A. D. R.

FROM PIKE'S PEAK-AN UNFAVORABLE VIEW.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. MAMMOTH CITY (14 miles from Gregory)

Diggings), Sept. 6, 1860. It is a settled fact that there is gold here; but very few persons in the States know what proportion of those that come here get it. A few of the gulch diggings have paid well, but many do not pay board. In Eric, Bartlet, Miner's and Eagle Gulches, m

could not make their board. At Gregory's a few have done first rate, but most of them have not paid expenses. At Tarryall, Arkansas, and Blue Rivers, a few have done well, but the proportion is exceedingly small. In California Gulch six men took out six pounds of gold in one day. Four men of another company took out two pounds a day for several days. Some few companies have made fortupes in a few days, but the many unfortunate ones, who are never heard of in the papers have made nothing at all. Ninety men went proepecting on Grand River, west of the Range, and fellowed it from where it was thirty rods wide to where a man could jump over it, and found nothing. There is no digging found yet in the Middle Park worth going after. The permanent gold diggings here are in the quartz leads, and many of them are not worth opening. It is reported that a man took out \$50 form at \$10 for ing. It is reported that a man took out \$10 from a lead from one pan of dirt, and another \$40 from one pan in another lead at Gregory's. One quartz mill a Gregory's takes out \$125 a day, another \$200, another \$300 and one on Boulder leads is said to take out \$500 per day. A quartz mill in Quartz Valley took \$400 from one cord of quartz; afterward they ground four cords of quarts, and got \$10 per cord. Nine tenths of the quartz is not worth taking out. Many of the quartz the quartz is not worth taking out. Many of the quartz mills are not paying expenses, and can be bought for less money than they cost in the States. Three kasters at Gregory's ground three weeks on the best quartz from 30 different leads, and they averaged \$17 per week, while it should have been \$2.0 per week.

When a man wants to sell his mill or his claim, the reports from them are expensel unit a statisfactory, and

reports from them are exceedingly satisfactory, and how much discount should be made for such circum-stances I leave for the best judges of human nature to

A few leads pay from the top, but most of them have A lew leads pay from the top, on most them them to be blasted through rock to the depth of 30 to 60 feet. Gulch claims have to be stripped from six to twenty and sometimes forty feet to get to pay dirt, and oftentimes it is not found even then.

Miners this year have not averaged ten cents per day, and those I am perconally acquainted with have the strength of the strength of the strength.

Just compare the price of labor with the price of provisions, &c., and see if the state of things looks healthy and presperous. Labor is from \$1 to \$1 50 per day, and

visions, &c., and see it is and prosperous. Labor is from \$1 to \$1 ov position men can be hired for their board.

Floor at Gregory's is 15 ets. per in Bacon 5 ets. per in Brown Sagar 6 ets. per in 11 ets. per in 15 ets.

thinking it will very much and the stroublesome complaint. S. H. I that troublesome complaint. S. H. I

conside, I submit this letter for the candid perusal of your many readers; and I recommend it especially to those who are troubled with the Pike's Peak fever, thinking it will very much alleviate if not entirely ours S. H. EWELL,

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

AMERICAN VICISSITUDES. From Our Own Reporter. CHICAGO, Sapt. 23, 1860.

The best thing that can be said of the crowds which in Detroit, and all along through Michigan, beset the progress of the Prince is, that they were perfectly good humored. They certainly were not over cour eeus in any case, even according to the most liberal Western principles of courteey. It is not considered a fair expression of hospitality, when welcoming a guest, to throw a part of his suite overboard at the same time. There is a lingering doubt, too, about the propriety of such a pressure of enthusiasm as to endanger the ribe, toes, and garments of those toward whom it is directed. I suppose that the Prince of Wales and his party were never before involved in so wild, so unmanageable, and so uncomfortable a crowd, as that which last Thursday night, at Detroit, impeded their landing, and scattered them right and left; throwing some among the turbulent waves of the mob, where they buffeted unavailingly, and others into the quieter but not more alluring waters of the river, where they dallied briskly with the waves, until fished out, shivering and flatby, like a jelly fresh from the mould. By exceeding good luck-it could hardly have been anything else-the Prince escaped speedily to his hotel; whither some of his companions succeeded in following him, with only the inconvenience of a temporary tusale with the eager mob. The rest gradually disengaged themselves, and, in time, were restored to the presence of their fellows. "In a private capacity," aid the Prince, in his farewell address, at Hamilton I am about to visit that remarkable land which claims with us a common ancestry, and in whose extraordinary progress every Englishman feels a common interest." Certainly, his first impression of this remarkable land must have possessed an uncommon interest. As for a few unfortunate members of the suite, their opening experiences were more of water than of land. But the unmistakable good temper of the crowd seemed to compensate, with every one, for all vicissitudes. Nobody seemed troubled, though everybody laughed a little, at the unexpected demonstration. For the Prince, who personally suffered very little, if any, discomfort, it was perhaps easy enough to view the tribulations of the rest with unconcern. But the amiable indifference of some of the watery sufferers was, on the whole, as affecting an exhibition of pure virtue as I ever witnessed. I saw one of these gentlemen, a short time after his involuntary plunge, endeavoring to restore himself to an external condition of propriety. A pile of reeking clothes in a corner of the depot offered the mute, moist testimony of his troubles. He was wringing out his hair, and, while shedding streams from every lock, strove in chattering uncertain antences to convey assurance of his earnest conviction that it was all as jolly a joke as ever befel any man.

unvisited for the present, and its "extraordinary progress" uninvestigated. While at Detroit, the Prince was watched for, even ing and morning, with a devoted and persistent attention always creditable to a crowd. Whether enugly within his own chamber, or sharing with others his drawing-room, it was all the same. The walls of the Russell House being moderately thick, and several opaque partitions intervening beside, it is generally believed that the satisfaction of the multitude was that of anticipation or imagination, rather than realization. So ready, indeed, was the populace of Detroit to gratify its flaming curiosity with any expedient, that no man, young or old, bearded or shaven, could emerge at any moment from the hotel, except at the imminent risk of his modesty. Gray-headed parties were not exempt from public insinuations of concealed royalty, and for any human male of moderate youthfulness to venture forth, was to incur instant notoriety of the most awkward kind. The appearance of any shadow, no matter whose, at any window, no matter which, in the neighborhood of the Prince's apartments, was the immediate signal for a shrill cheer, and a restless moving forward of the entire assemblage. At 9 o'clock on Friday morning, the streets fronting the Russell House were thronged, and when the visitors drove away. soon after, the thoroughfares were all lined and packed except at the depot of the Michigan Central Railroad whence the private train moved off at half past ten clock, amid a succession of as hearty cheers as any that had been heard in Canada.

Mark Tapley with the ague could not have been a

more interesting spectacle. I am inclined to believe,

however, that in this notable case natural human in

stinct overpowered the promptings of good nature,

for the gentleman in question suddenly returned to

Canada, leaving the rest of this "remarkable land"

But even here there was more curiosity than enthu siasm. The moment after the Prince had entered his car the platforms were crowded with agile young wo men, who peered anxiously, through each available window, while along the sides scores of enfants terribles clambered and clung, thrusting their arms (not too clean) through the most convenient apertures, and bringing their importunate young faces into the closest possible contact with those of the occupants. So thickly they swarmed that the train could not be stirred, for fear of crushing some dozens of them like insects. At last the persuasions and warnings of the very few officials who stood by had sufficient effect to induce a partial clearance, upon which the cars moved slowly away, numbers still clustering leech-like upon the sides, and sucking in heavy draughts of royalty, until the increasing speed obliged them to drop off, with ap-

petites half satisfied, in rolling and tumbling masses. All through the State of Michigan there was the same repressible hankering after a scent of nobility. As the train rolled out from the thick forests into each new village or town, the track-side began to be dotted with knots of gazers, which gradually joined in an unbroken line as the station was peared. As seon as the care stopped they were surrounded and besieged in the same manner as at the Detroit depot. It was fortunate that the doors were locked, for without this check upon intrusions, the royal party would have been swamped in delage of desperate tuft-husters. nothing for it but to bolt and when your desperate tuft-hunter is abroad. So the doors were kept barred, until the train bolted, which it always did as soon as ever the rapacity of the engine could be appeased by the needed supply of cold logs and cold water. Meanwhile the Prince's car had borne and shed several crops of unwashed urchins; had been surrounded by dense battalions of red-cheeked girls, smiling with all their might and main, and very much at random, not knowing precisely where to direct the beams of their recognition; had received the maturer approving glances of medieval matrons, and the parting cheer of solid farmers on platform assembled. Of all demonstrations, the most active proceeded from the small boys, and the most enthusiastic from the small and other maidens. The excited manner in which this last interesting class ran about over stagings and steps, stretched high on very tips of toes, and waved handkerchiefs and hands with hope of gaining momentary attention from within, made one of the liveliest pictures of feminine zeal that ever was wit nessed. And when once, at a lucky moment, a sweetish sixteen caught a favoring glance from the Prince as he lesned forward and looked out at a window, she blushed from the rim of her low-necked dress up to where her hat hid the rising tint, and walked proudly away, caring for nothing beyond, her ambition satisfied, thereafter to be a marked and much envied young woman in village society. The passage from Detroit to Chicago was long, but

never wearisome. Ten hours of railroad travel can entily be endured where the route lies through a country of such rich and varying scenery as that which ere opens from every point. Half way the knotted Having a greater regard for facts than pleasant gasloreste, just touched by the first frosts, and dropping

their green luxuriance for the crimson tints of Autumn confine the view. Shooting through miles and miles of this splendid avenue of mingled purple, and brown, and fresh evergreen, the way at last breaks out upon the broad prairie lands, with their neat farm-boildings, and their sweeping meadows of unrivaled fertility. A little later the treacherous green waters of Lake Michigan creep along the road winding close by the shore for the remainder of the journey. These still green waters are no welcome sight just now, to those who knew poor Ingram, the rough, warm-hearted, hones: Englishman, who came with his son-his fer vent affection for whom was often most touchingly manifested even during the brief term of his visit her--seeking a little holiday recreation, after a score of years devoted to as hard a toil as ever earned a man's

right to enjoy it. At Chicago, the reception was public enough in fact, if not in form. The immense depot was thoroughly crowded, excepting the platform leading from the Prince's car to the street. This was kept clear by an admirable distribution of police, so that here the visitors were enabled to disembark without the least annoyance. Nobody could have been pushed overboard here, even if there had been any water convenient which, by the way, there was not. The Richmond House, close by, was quickly reached, and the guests were comfortably bestowed in less than the twentieth part of the time wasted at Detroit. As if unable to control the expression of his satisfaction at this (onexpected?) freedom from bother and fass, the Prince stepped out upon the balcony over the doorway, and quietly bowed his acknowledgments to the enormous crowd trat stood below.

After this, no circumstance connected with the Prince transpired. He received, socially, a very large delegation in the person of the Mayor, Mr. Wentworth, who is popularly (or unpopularly) called Long John, but might as well be also called Broad John, if you come to that. Mr. Wentworth is precisely the sort of man you might hold a mass-meeting with, or whom a preacher might address as a very respectable congregation. The fact that he is allowed to cast only one vote at elections could be used as one of the most flagrant evidences of the injustice of the republican form of government. I think he would make a tolerable proession, all by himself, on gala days. It is believed that the Prince shook some of his band, and addressed a few complimentary remarks to his lower waistcoat button, which, with both standing on the same level, would about reach to his Royal Highness's eyes. When the Mayor reappeared, he looked pleased all over, which is saying

a great deal in a few words. If the Prince were not fettered by the forms which compass him about, and could have wandered out into the streets of Chicago last Friday night, he might have witnessed one of the most interesting and characteristic scenes that this country can show, and one that he will perhaps have no other opportunity of seeing so well. It was a stirring political gathering, at which the Wide-Awakes, all in their capes and caps, and bearing torches and Lincoln flags, had assembled to welcome Gov. Banks before one of the hotels. There were speeches and songs, and no end of enthusiasm-and I think, without prejudice, it would have given some of our Canadian visitors a new idea of what enthusiasm may rise to, if they had been present. After the meeting, the procession, not at all fatigued, but Wider Awake than ever, marched around by the Prince's quarters, coiled about in approved evolutions, and separated. It was the prettiest sight imaginable.

On Saturday morning, under the guidance of the Mayor, of whom it may be said without metaphor, that he is a best in bimself, the Prince drove about the city, and visited numerous large warehouses, manufactories, &c. At 12 o'clock the large open balcony of the Richmond House was crowded by the Prince and the Mayor, for the gratification of the people below, who looked up, and cheered up, as long as his Highness remained. He then started at 2 o'clock for the town of Dwight, where he is to remain a day or two, shooting and resting. He then proceeds to St. Louis by the way of Alton.

There is great agitation hereabout, in the matter

of the exact and proper title which should be

fastened upon the Prince during his Western

tour. The recollection of the announcement, long ago made, that the inferior designation of Baron Renfrew would be selected, during the United States visit, from the vast assertment which he happily possesses, seems to have tainted the editorial mind of Michigan and Illinois with the notion that no open allusion to a higher rank is in any way justidable. So we have long columns giving eloquent descriptions of arrivals, departures, appearances, expectations, intentions, and the like, all under the ambiguous, but perfectly understood heading of "Baron Renfrew," or Lord Renfrew "-everybody knowing, all the while, that if the person whose movements are thus exhaust ively chronicled were really no more to the world than a fine young baron, he might go and come with nothing but the merest two-line paragraph to stop the way. Occasionally, a solemn and verbose protest appears warning all Americans against so shocking a breach of decorum as to hint, for the present, at the existence of a Prince of Wales among us. This is pushing delicacy to fanaticism. But somehow, these oblivious theories are practically disavowed by the very ones who most strongy advance them. Their keen sense of royalty gets into their head, and knocks away all the cautious props and stays with which they had fortified themselves against inadvertent recognitions of the actual position of the royal visitor. I find in a newspaper of yesterday s paragraph containing an announcement of the arrive of Baron Renfrew, followed by an intimation that "the Prince" would be visible on the balcony of the Richmond House at a certain specified hour, coupled immediately with an admonition that "the young lord" ought not, on any account, to be molested by curious impertinents, and ending with the statement that ' his Royal Highness" would leave town at such or such an hour. Ods shaved heads and straight wais coate ! what lunacy is this ? Anything more hopslessly imbecile I have not seen or heard since I left London, C. W., when, seeking breakfast the morning after the ball at the Tecumseh House, I was put near a body of august City Councilmen, who were just venting the climax to their festivities. The Mayor's health was proposed. "Gentlemen," said a sudden-thoughtstruck official, achieving his legs with an effort, beg the privilege-ah-of being allowed the favor-ahof venturing-ah-to make the suggestion of offeringah-to propose as a substitute-ah-before the health of his Worship, one - ah-which, if nobody objects, I shall take the-a! -liberty of giving before that to which we have just-ah-listened. Nobody ventured to offer to propose to insinuate an objection. "We are all son sible of the merits of the distinguished individual to whom I am about to allude. His Wership the Prince Consort is one who has the respect of every true Canadian; and since his Royal Highness the Mayor has-gentlemen, I give you, if you please"-and here came in the toast, with a clash of glasses and a resonance of cheering that buried the poor gentleman's remarks in still more unfathomable obscurity. The present royal mixture of title is quite as ludicrous, and, moreover, has not the same extenuation of bibulous circumstance which freed the London official's tangled phrase from all reproach. A slightly uninformed reader of the Western papers, supposing there were any such, which is, perhaps, a very unwarrantable and improper hing to suppose, would find a course of titular investigation necessary to the lucid comprehension of these duplicate, or triplicate appellations. Who would not be bewildered to read a stirring paragraph or two, implying that Baron Renfrew having arrived, the Duke of Rotheny was now safe in his hotel, where the Lord of the Isles would probably remain awhile in the seclusion he at present coveted. That the Earl of Dublin meditated a personal inspection, on the ensuing day. of the many objects of interest connected with the remarkable city, &c., after which the Duke of Cornwall would take a short excursion into the surrounding country. That the Earl of Chester would, in accordance with his announcements, hold no public levee; and that the Earl of Ekham would, at a given hour, appear at a

certain window, where his Royal Highness could be freely and agreeably investigated, with opera-glass or otherwise and so on ? To this complexion the anxious journalists of this region seem bastening. No w, since the Prince only drops his highest title while in the United States, in order that his visit may not in any case be mistaken for a State visit, such as might subject him to the tribulations of official receptions, addresses, and the like; without the slightest design of dispossessing himself of any of that divinity which coth hedge the sons of kings, as well as kings themselves: ard since no person who thinks at all about the matter thinks of him in any other way than as the Prince of Wales, and the probable future King of England, it d es seem the silliest kind of au affectation thus to splash and flounder among what are made his conflicting titles, as if anything was to be established by adbering to especially one or to another, or as if anybody would care a snap for all the subordinate ranks of his young and amiable, as well as Royal, Highness, if the most brilliant of all were not known to be there, overtopping and extinguishing the feebler luster of the rest. Gentlemen, be not deceived with the idea that anybody but the Prince of Wales is among you.

FROM PORTLAND TO MOUNT DESERT.

Notwithstanding the Assyrian's impatience to reach Boothbay, we found, when we came on deck Friday morning, that there was little inducement to get under The air was chill and damp, the sky covered with dense clouds, threatening imminent rain, and, worse than all there was not the slightest breath of wind. To get out of the cove we should have to tag at the oar for at least an hour, and on gaining the open rea might find ourselves still becalmed. So we concluded to have breakfast before we started, and while that was in preparation, we dropped our lives over the side of the sloop and caught a number of large fle unders.

The Rev. David Badham says the best time for tak ing the flounder is at tawn, when he is on the prowl for a breakfast:

"He that intends a flounder to surprise,
Must start betimes, and fish before sunrise."

The same authority declares that it is far better entertainment to fish for flounders than to eat them. The Frieslanders, however, think otherwise, and have been at the trouble of naturalizing them in fish-ponds. The flounders, too, about Memel, on the Baltic, are held in esteem as food. Mr. Franks, in his " Northern Memoirs," commends them for their game qualities. "These fish," he says, "are bold as buccaneers, of " much more confidence than caution, and so fond of a worm that they will go to the banquet, though they die at the board; they are endowed with great resolution, and struggle stoutly for the victory when hooked; they are also more than ordinarily difficult to deal with by reason of their build, which is altogether flat, as it were a level. The flounder, I must further tell you, delights to dwell among stones; besides, he is a great admirer of deeps and ruinous decays, yet as fond as any fish of moderate streams; and none beyond him, except the perch, that is more solicitous to rifle into ruins, insomuch that a man would fancy him an antiquary, considering he is so affected with reliques."

The French fishermen account for the distorted mouth of the flounder by the following legend: St. Christopher, a martyr of the third century, one day took it into his head to bless the fishes and to preach to them. All the inhabitants of the deep came and listened with attention and respect except the flounder, who derided the holy man by making faces at him. The Saint, indignant at the insult, cursed the whole brood and condemned them for ever after to exhibit

themselves with mouths awry. In the course of ages the rebuke thus given by St. Christopher seems to have wrought a change in the character of the flounder, for a Greek legend, still current at Constantinople, ascrices the discordant color of the two sides of the fish to the fact that when the Turks conquered Constantinople in 1453, some priests at a church near the Silivria gate were frying flounders for dinner just as the infidels entered the city, and were among the first victims of the massacre. The ish, filled with pious respect for the church, expressed their horror at the sacrilegous deed by jumping out of the frying-pan into a neighboring stream, whence they made their way to the sea completely cooked on one side. In token of the miracle, the entire species has ever since exhibited the mark of the fire, generally on the right side; though, now and then, an eccentric individual displays it on the left side.

After breakfast a faint breeze sprung up, and assisted by the tide, we slowly drifted out of the cove, and about the middle of the forenoon reached the open sea. The wind-what there was of it- and tide still serving, the Skipper proposed to run southward a few miles out of our course to Drunken Ledge and fish for halibut. We sesented, and about noon anchored in the neighborhood of a formidable reef, over which the sea was foaming splendidly, while all around was calm and smooth These rocks lie in the ocean, on the edge of Casco Bay, about five miles from the nearest islands.

Taking lines etouter and with larger hooks than those we used for cod-fishing, we baited with pieces of flounder and tried our luck. In the course of half an hour we caught several skates, large cod, haddocks, and one or two hake. But these were not what we came for, and the impatient Assyrian was already talking of Boothbay and his everlasting lemons, when suddenly a tremendous jerk, followed by a rapid rushing of the ine through his fingers, put a stop to his grumbling.

He had hooked a halibut at last. "Let ber run!" shouted the Pilot. "Hold tight but don't pull her in! Let her play a while!" "Go it, lemons!" added the Professor, as the Assyrian sprang from the bench of the cockpit where he had been lazily eclining, and with eager eyes, and teeth deeply set in

his cigar, began to "play" his prize. After a long and exciting contest the subdued balibut was at length brought to the surface in an exhans ondition, and was skillfully hoisted on board by the Pilot, who exclaimed, as he laid the monster on deck: A hundred-pounder, by George !"

The delight of the Assyrian was boundless. He got upon the top of the cabin and, swinging his hat, gave three cheers. "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

Then, protesting that his exertions in the struggle and made him faint, and that we ought to celebrate the sictory by a drink all round, he sent the Skipper into the fore peak for a bottle of ale, which order sently countermanded for a bottle of claret, declaring that such an achievement demanded the noblest liquor, and as the high song of Odin the Old says:

"Ale's not so good For the children of men As people have boasted."

The claret was brought, and we drank to the health of the halibut who by this time was gasping his last on deck. It was truly a noble fish, lacking but a few inches of six feet in length. The body was much larger in proportion to the breadth than in its kindred the flounder, and was smooth and of a dark brown color on the right side, the left side being whitish without spots. The lower jaw was longer than the upper, and both laws were furnished with two rows of strong. sharp teeth. The lips were large and fleshy, and the eves of remarkable size, between two and three inches

The halibut is not found in the Mediterranean, bu s common on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and on the east coast of England, though it is not plentiful on the southern coast of that country. It flourishes best in northern latitudes, and the Greenlanders often subsist for a considerable period exclusively on its flesh, which is cut into slips and dried in the sun. The Norwegians and Icelanders also largely salt and barrel

it for home consumption. We voted to have a piece of the halibus for dinner, for which meal the Pilot had already kindled his furnace, and the Skipper accordingly out off a huge chunk near the side fins, which he said was the best part of the fish. The Assyrian was determined that it should be cooked properly, and so he overhauled the receipts at the end of Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing, of